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THE WEATHER IN CHICAGO.

—|
Thermometer at zero,
Or ten degrees below,
The window panes concealed with frost,
The streets piled up with snow;
While pretty girls in rich dry goods,
And India-rubbered feet,
Are out a shopping,—not to buy,
But to trot about the street.

There's no denying that I love
A well cut rosy lip,
As bees may love the flowers from which
The honey dew they sip;
But though beneath the touch of cold
The cheek with beauty glows,
I do not like the ruby tint
It often gives the nose.

I wonder which it injures most,
The fleshy or the thin,
The man of plump and rosy cheeks,
Or lean and meagre chin?
Which suffers most, the round or square,
The lofty or the low?
I have a very striking cu-
riosity to know.

But heap—heap up the glowing fire,
And fill—fill high the glass;
Tho' the winter hours are nipped with frost,
We'll pledge them as they pass;
Fill, fill we cannot brim the cup
With nectar more divine,
While beauty's glance and beauty's smile
Are sparkling in our wine.

WESTERN FALL SHOOTING.

(Continued from page 596.)

Our friend B. and myself are very comfortably ensconced in the inviting country tavern. We have had our initiative day among the plumed grouse, which I have described, together with our dogs, guns and equip-

ments, and now, dear reader, if you feel sufficiently interested to follow us through our campaign I will endeavor to take a hunt among all our game found and in their prime, in the fading months, for it is October. We will find plenty of quail, some woodcock, a good supply of ruffed grouse; will take a day up along the spring branch and pick up a stray snipe, and will be sure to see a brace of teal, may be a brood of wood ducks. We will stir up the hare nestling in its hidden form, and, going on to the prairie, we will see the sand hill crane and its festive dance, also the Canada goose feeding on some favorite piece of winter wheat. We have a plan for them which we shall put to the test. Do not think that we will meet with success at every sally, but you will find *where we do* find our game, for to what sportsman is the place not stored in memory where he has flushed a beautiful bevy of quail. How vividly he recollects the attitude of the dogs. How the noise of their wings whirrs through his memory. How well he remembers the hillside covert in which they sought safety, only to meet certain death in the hour the sportsman delightfully spends, flushing the birds singly, and at each rise growing more interesting and exciting, and should he be hunting over the same ground in after years will hear him say to his companion: "Come, let us visit that small stubble yonder, I *never* failed to find birds there." You will say he is attached to the place, and good reasoning it stands, where birds are oftenest found there will be their principal haunts.

Our toilettes arranged and breakfast attended we step out on the rustic verandah, and behold the morning sun just scattering its bright rays athwart the cloudless skies. "A fine day for a quail tramp," says B., in a sort of pleading way, as if to observe the effect, and he was not disappointed in his expectations, for his words expressed every sentiment exactly, and we have such a stock of shells wadded with number nines, that if we should have the chance of shooting them all at game we would surely derive some sport. We are soon passing over the distance between us and our shooting ground, the crisp morning air causing our spirits to rise with grand anticipations as we near the place. "Here we are! See the buckwheat stubbles along that strip of woods and laying along the ravine, sure of birds," says B. Grouse and Prince bounded out and soon we are at the further side of the stubble and no birds. "Guess the birds have not moved round much yet, it is pretty early," to me. Better luck in the next, I hope, and we move on, the dogs crossing at a good distance in front of us and nosing every inch of ground. Our sport is for a great part admiring the dogs, their graceful movements, turning quick at every gesture from their master. But see, Prince is on a point. Anxiously we walk up, but no birds, they have run and Grouse is nosing his way up to them. Sagacious he, they cannot escape him. Soon they are brought to a stand and coming up, we flush a fine bevy of quail, and to the four sharp reports three of

the mottled beauties tumble to the earth. They are retrieved and we move on, first having marked the quail in a thicket. It will be useless to follow them at once as the dogs cannot get the scent, besides we want to drive all we can into cover to insure good shooting in the middle of the day. We soon find other bevs and have a nice number of birds marked for the days sport; it is about time to commence hunting them, and we turn our attention to the covers. Here is our marksmanship tested, as every little Bob White whirrs up behind some intervening bush, the only chance of bagging him being as he crosses that open spot in the bushes, and you must be quick and sure enough of aim to rip him off in the height of his flight.

At noon we discuss a charming cold luncheon to the best of our ability, and arise from the cool shade greatly refreshed with the rest and cool draught from the spring which we enjoy. Again on the move we direct our course to a famous ruffed grouse copse, in anticipation of some fine shooting. Not having killed a ruffed grouse in a year for myself, I feel rather uncertain, but a few minutes will decide, for we shall certainly have a chance to try our skill.

An inviting hillside in the western country, with no beech nuts, but the shumack bush instead, equally inviting to the ruffed grouse. In these shumack and poplar groves I have found them when not to be found any where else. Small growth oak thickets I find a good place, although presenting obstacles often in the line of aim. But when they have been left undisturbed to breed in profusion, only destroyed by foxes and the like, here in the heavy forest they will be met at every few steps. B. skirts the outer edge of a considerable piece of poplar, interspersed with shumack, while I, with the two setters, enter the brush. Beating along, the dogs ranging close and working slow the while, I cannot see the dogs now, nor do I see that grouse that I hear whizz out to my right, but I holloa, "mark bird," to B., and am answered that it struck in the edge of the poplars—which are only a few feet high—a few rods ahead of him, saying he would give his attention to that place. Just as I am indulging in the probability of bagging one bird at least I am surprised at stumbling upon Prince in full point. I do not hear old Grouse and conclude he must also be standing, and that I am in a "nest of them." There is a bunch of very thick oak sprouts all about me, thickly leaved, even after the frosts, as is the nature of the brush. Making a move to place myself in an open sight I start the birds, and of three or four that shot, rocket like, from the bushes, I manage to tumble out a brace. Not a double shot, because they did not rise at the same moment. While busy replacing shells I hear the peculiar-cluck of others well known to those who have hunted them, and now there must be more. Notifying B. to be on the lookout for all right handers, I step to retrieve my dead birds, leaving the dogs on their point. A game old cock flushes and makes down the edge of the copse only to be cut down in his swift course by the number eights from B's gun, as I see the swift flight of the beautiful bird over the tops of bushes, the puff of white smoke then hear the sharp report and see the feathers cut loose, the limp body plunge into the leafy brush tops, his vigorous life cut off as the snuffing of a candle, I cannot help exclaim, "well done, B., that was a splendid shot, at least 45 yards." A gentle warning says look out for more birds, and on the lookout I push through the underbrush, every now and then rewarded with a shot, as good as I could expect, and at the end of an hour's tramp we merge from the opposite end of the grove, and seating ourselves on the grass we compare bags. B. has bagged six grouse and three hares, while my bag of grouse falls short of his by one. Our wagon soon drives up, the game is assorted and counted, and gives for the day's tramp thirty-two quail, eleven ruffed grouse, three hare, 46 head in all for two guns, a medium day, but full of sport. With the first evening star we are at the village, fully decided on giving the morrow to a general tramp up the stream, where bog and slough, willow and oak, prairie and bottom mingle in charming nearness.

With an early start we are landed on the bank of the stream. We will follow up the stream, taking care to take every advantage of the numerous bends so as to come unawares to the side of the stream, instead of following its course, and if any wood duck or teal should be lying in the water they could be covered with our guns. A flock of seven wood ducks take B. by surprise, rising from under the very muzzle of his gun as he comes up to the bank after walking around a bend of the stream; they bunch together and start off, when B. quickly fires both barrels and gets two birds to the first and one to the second shot. His first two fell on his side of the creek, in the soft grass, and picking up the first he is perfectly charmed at the beauty of its plumage. The bird is not yet dead, being wounded, and he raises and lowers his beautiful crest as his rage increases or becomes calmer; B. wisely decides in making him a victim of the taxidermists art, and selecting the choicest female of the other two he lays them carefully away in the wagon, and a few days ago his taxidermist returned them, mounted in exquisite style. B., as a true sportsman, present-

ed them to yours truly, and long shall they occupy a prominent place in my collection, and also in my memory as a delightful memory of my most charming excursion for years.

The middle of the day was fully occupied in working up the marshes and bogs for woodcock and snipe. The latter we found few, but of woodcock we had fine sport. During the day I essayed a large corn field and had the pleasure of securing a half dozen fine grouse. This was one of our pleasantest days, securing four brace of woodcock, five brace snipe, three brace pinnated grouse, three wood ducks, nine teal, one mallard one brace of ruffed grouse.

In my next and last I will give you an account of our score and our grand day with a rifle among wild geese and sand hill cranes,

Until then, yours,

MARRY.

SPORTING MATTERS AT SOUTH BEND.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Jan. 9.

Dear Sir.—South Bend is wide awake on the subject of honorable sport, and during my visit here I have picked up a few items which may be of interest to the readers of the FIELD.

On Wednesday, January 6, the Union Shooting Club, held their second annual meeting and elected the following officers for 1875: H. Busby, President; E. P. Stanfield, Vice President; Col. A. B. Wade, Secretary; James Camper, Treasurer; Jacob Strayer, H. Blowney and E. L. Abbott, Directors.

The club have an elegant club room, well furnished with all the conveniences, and the organization is in a healthy condition in every sense of the word. Having over twenty first class members, among whom are some crack shots, and a full treasury, why should "the boys" be unhappy? One good thing noticeable in the management of this club—they hold weekly meetings and compel attendance or fine the offender. This club has done, and is still doing, much for the protection of the game in Indiana, and what State stands more in need of it? They have appointed a committee to wait upon the Legislature of the State, now in session at Indianapolis, and urge upon the members the necessity of more stringent game laws, and to advocate the passage of a bill which they have prepared, having for its object such a laudable end. The bill protects woodcock from January 1 to July 4, and in this respect is just about the thing, as, at present, this game bird is indeed an Ishmaelite in Hoosierdom, being totally unprotected by law.

Among the many good effects of the enterprise of Union Shooting Club of South Bend, may be noted the lively interest evinced by the sportsmen of the neighboring towns in the organization of local clubs, and the very general desire to elevate and uniform the tone of sporting society.

A new club was organized last Monday evening at Niles, Michigan, under favorable auspices, and is intended to co-operate with the Union Club in the enforcement of the game laws, and the punishment of those who take advantage of their proximity to the State lines to violate the laws of one and then "skip over" into their own State. A new club is also to be organized at Elkhart, Ind., during the coming month. Prominent among the originators are V. Voisnett and D. A. Danforth, of that city.

Arrangements are now being made by the Union Shooting Club to call a convention of the sportsmen of the State for the purpose of organizing a State Association, and, if we may judge from the tone of the sportsmen generally throughout the State, the movement is likely to prove popular and, of course, will be a success. The convention will probably be called to meet early in the spring. This is a movement which I trust the FIELD will advocate and agitate among the sportsmen of Indiana, until they "come to the scratch" and organize for self protection. The Union Club has a lease of the South Bend Driving Park, and every facility for carrying on successfully a shooting tournament second to none, and to show that they feel able to "hold their own" at the trap with ordinary people, they are willing to match ten of their members against the same number from any club in the state, "home and home match."

The old fair grounds near the city have recently been purchased by the South Bend Driving Park Association, a stock company, and it is the purpose of the Association to hold a June meeting this year, at which the purses will probably aggregate fifteen thousand dollars. This it is thought will be sufficiently attractive to bring together some of the best horses in the country. Eli Wade is one the leading horsemen interested. South Bend boasts of several fast horses and any number of fine roadsters and matched teams. Ira M. Nye owns a one third interest in Mambrino Gift with a record of 2:20, while Henry Wheeler's Gray Ira is doing some fine work: J. M. Studebaker, one of the largest stock-

holders in the Driving Park Association, probably owns the finest matched team in town, and they trot together in less than three minutes.

Not to be forgotten among the institutions of South Bend, is the gun store of J. W. Camper & Co., who do a large business annually in guns, of which they have an elegant assortment. This house is now doing quite a wholesale business in this State, Michigan and Illinois, and, when I heard their retail prices on guns of the finest workmanship, I could not doubt their ability to successfully compete with more pretentious establishments.

While in South Bend one naturally stops at the St. Joseph Hotel, kept by our friend Galloway, a gentleman and a genuine sportsman, and, having made the grand rounds of the city, not forgetting the water works of which the citizens are justly proud, and partaking of a substantial dinner at the St. Joe, I stepped aboard the train and am now enroute for the Sunny South, of which more hereafter.

RAMBLER.

THE FIELD ENDORSED.

Dear Sir.—The position taken by the FIELD in regard to the duties of Sportsmen's Associations ought to come home to every true lover of field sports who is not so thoroughly wedded to trap shooting as to be indifferent to anything else. Well and pertinently may you ask "what has the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association done?" and the response is about this; bought and presented a gold medal to the most successful trap shot! Organized and passed some good resolutions!! How many has it carried out? It is to be hoped that it will make itself felt this winter in the Legislature of the State, and if it has had a nominal existence for the past six months, that the balance of the year will show an increasing activity. The writer was present at the first meeting and noticed with regret, that by far the largest number of members present devoted their entire attention to the trap, to the exclusion of nearly everything else. The "Gun Trial" outside of the judges and a few interested contestants, was scarcely noticed. Numbers of the dogs brought for exhibition were tied up in the mud and just where chance offered, and barring an occasional kick when in the way of some by-standers were noticed about as much as would have been so many drag horses, so entirely did trap shooting absorb everything else, and the writer left thinking if the only object of a State organization was to meet, have a good time and see who could kill the most birds from a trap, that the fewer State Associations there were the better. But if good comes in the end let us say "better late than never." Some months since the Hannibal Shooting Club decided to issue a circular letter to the clubs, and prominent sportsmen throughout the State of Missouri, requesting their views about the feasibility of a State Association, but as they looked in vain to see the good accomplished by the Association of a sister State, the letter was never issued. Recently however, the St. Louis club have issued a call for a convention and named time and place without consulting (so far as I know) with any of the other clubs in the State. And to the Hannibal Club, (the oldest in the State,) have not even sent a circular. It is to be hoped, however, that a sufficient number of the Sportsmen will meet at Jefferson on the 12th, to form the basis of a sound organization. The delegates from St. Louis are good men, and I trust will labor to make the thing a success. It is pretty safe to conclude that trap shooting will cut a small figure in the programme unless the weather is much milder than at present.

Go on in the good work you have instigated and if the officers of the associations don't do their duty, tell them so to their faces. *Di il veroc effrontera il diavolo*. A necessity for uniform game laws is very apparent, when the laws of Missouri allow quail to be killed a month later than does the law of Illinois, and it is to be devoutly hoped that when the National Convention meets, it will do more than its most ardent friends anticipate.

The shooting about Hannibal has been only fair this fall; ducks have not been here in their usual numbers; partly in consequence of lack of water, and but little mast. The best of the shooting was early in the season on Teal and Wood duck, but few Mallards were killed. The quail shooting hardly fulfilled the expectations of the sportsmen. Extremely dry weather made it difficult for the dogs to find birds, a complaint that has come from many quarters. A few wild turkeys have been killed but not the usual number.

Entertainments during the holidays were plenty, mostly being amateur. Melissa Breslau however, filled a week's engagement here. Her superior, I don't think ever appeared behind the foot light at Hannibal, her rendition of East Lynne was particularly fine, and although she played to poor houses she seemed to make the same efforts to please that she would have

done had the house been crowded. She left an excellent impression and should she again appear before a Hannibal audience, she will no doubt be greeted with good patronage.

HERBERT.

LETTER FROM ALABAMA.

CALL FOR A STATE ASSOCIATION.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Jan. 5.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE FIELD. Dear Sir: Having regularly received your valuable paper, I feel as if I ought to say to you to stop sending, for I have not been acting a part toward reciprocation; but there has been so little of interest in the game world that I have been unable to collect a "smell" toward anything valuable enough for your paper; but enclosed I send a copy of resolutions of our club, showing that we are not idle; and further we have a set of Laws before our Legislature for the protection of fish and game. But like our Wisconsin friends we find many who are opposed to all laws that prevent them from trapping or killing at all times, more particularly in the deer districts; they want to kill a deer at any time to save bacon and the pork barrel.

I also send a paper descriptive of a game supper, given by the losers of the first match of the kind by our club. The day of shooting was dark and rainy four on the losing and two on the winning side not going out at all; consequently the score was small. The largest score by any one was 32 quail.

Our quarterly match will come off soon, and I will send score, etc.

With thanks for your valuable paper.

L. S. D.

The description of the banquet mentioned above is certainly calculated to tempt an anchorite, but the call for a State Association pleases us much more, inasmuch as it tells of a lively interest in matters of importance to all sportsmen. We give it below:

MONTGOMERY, ALA., August 27, 1874.

At a meeting of the MONTGOMERY SHOOTING CLUB, held as above, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

In view of the unrestricted slaughter in the time past of all game and other birds, and deeming it a matter of such importance as to require the legislation and adoption of laws for the protection of all birds, and thereby prevent the wholesale destruction of the same; and the better to bring this matter in proper shape before the next Legislature of this State, we deem it best to obtain the co-operation of all Sportsmen's Clubs, and other sportsmen throughout the State, to form a State Association. Therefore, be it

1. *Resolved*, That the Committee on Laws be instructed to correspond with all sportsmen's organizations in our State, requesting them to communicate with us in reference to the formation of a State Sportsmen's Association.

2. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the city papers, with a request that they publish the same, and also requesting all papers throughout the State favorable to the protecting of birds to copy the same.

H. B. METCALF, President.

T. S. DORON, Secretary and Treasurer.

We the undersigned, Committee on Game Laws, request all Sportsmen's Clubs and sportsmen to communicate with us in reference to the above suggestion.

JNO. A. ELMORE.

S. KIRTLAND.

H. C. SEMPLER.

T. S. DORON.

WISCONSIN SPORTSMEN ATTEND THE STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION!

I was pleased to note in a late issue of the FIELD, a squelcher on the fool hardy resolution of a Dane County Grange, regarding their right to destroy game through the breeding season. After such a demonstration as this, by the farmers of Wisconsin, is it not time for all sportsmen with the least regard for protection, to join an association for the avowed purposes of protection, and contribute their power and influence to make the organization stronger? "In union is strength," and it truly applies here if anywhere. Let each individual sportsman do all in his power to further the purposes of the State Association, and not rely wholly on others to do the work, as so many do. Each member forms a part of the organization, and where is its power if they do not each and every one put forth their power to make it effective. At the first annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Association, I trust that a large attendance and combined purpose to protect our fish and game will make the meeting memorable.

FRED. POND.

Sporting Notes from the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 1875.

EDITOR FIELD.—The present cold weather has filled the river so full of ice that the duck shooters are compelled to withdraw until the mass is carried off by the current.

The ice men are reaping a harvest, and before many days, if we do not have more severe weather, a big hole will be made in the face of the river, and the ducks as plenty as usual.

Shooting notes are scarce. I have been holding some discussion with different parties relative to using young dogs on snipe, and most generally convince them that it is a good plan.

There has been some talk of starting another sportsmen's club here, but I do not think it will meet with any success. Shooters do not take sufficient interest in the subject to give it their personal attention.

Last season was a very successful one for quail, and although a goodly number were killed, there is a large number left for seed for the coming season.

There have recently been several deer killed a few miles from here in Virginia, and I have helped to eat portions of them.

I am anxious to get another turn at the ducks, and when the weather permits I am going down the river to Wiconico.

Yours, &c.,

THEO. SMITH.

AQUATICS IN WISCONSIN.

MADISON WIS., JAN. 1, 1875.—*Editor The Field*.—Our Yacht Club held its annual meeting last evening. There was a good attendance and much interest exhibited in the selection of officers. The selection resulted as follows;

Commodore,—Chas., J. Geo. Mayers.

Vice Commodore,—John Gallagher.

Recording Secretary,—Julius Zelenter.

Corresponding Secretary,—Jas. E. Fisher.

Treasurer,—Henry Turvill.

Measurer,—G. A. Patterson.

Steward,—A. Parker.

Regatta Committee,—Wm. G. Pittman Sidney Foote and R. B. Smith.

Committee on Club House and Rooms,—M. T. Bailey, John Corscot and Philo Dunning.

Ex-Commodore Bailey retired from his position with honors. He has served the club faithfully and efficiently for three years. His services were suitably acknowledged in resolutions adopted, as also the services of other retiring members. The election last night gives the club an entirely new set of officers, and a prosperous season is predicted under their management. Two new yachts,—one intended for each lake—have been completed already this winter. We expect that next season will see our club as wide awake as ever.

For the short time that the ice remained clear of snow, good advantage was taken of it by the ice-boatmen. One fine day when the wind was blowing a good wholesale breeze, I counted seven of these fleet skimmers flying in all directions—off and on the wind—sailing close, and flying about with a rapidity requiring dexterity on the part of crew and passengers to avoid being shot off and sent spinning along the ice.

We expect to have a "good show" when the "chicken breeders" Association give their display.

I see they offer a prize for specimens of taxidermy. Your correspondent intends to put in an oar there.

Yours,

LATF.

OHIO GAME LAW.—The new game law of Ohio declares it unlawful "for any person, in any place, to catch, kill or injure, or to pursue with intent, any quail, Virginia partridge, or any wild turkey, between the first day of January and the fifteenth of October, inclusive; or any ruffed grouse or pheasant, pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, blue winged teal, mallard or wood duck, wild goose or brant, at any time between the first day of January and the first day of September; or catch, kill or injure, or to pursue with such intent on the land of another, between the first day of January and the first day of October any wild rabbit or hare."

A fine of from two to twenty-five dollars is the penalty for violating this section, or the court may sentence the offender to the county jail not more than twenty days.

THE GREAT BONE HARVEST.

SLAUGHTERING THE MONARCHS OF THE PLAINS—UTILIZING BISON AND INDIAN BONES—HIDE HUNTERS AND MEAT JERKERS.

The extent of the collection, assortment and sale of the skeletons of defunct buffaloes on the plains is surprising. During the season hundreds of men engage in the business and all the stations on the Kansas Pacific and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroads have bone-middlemen, so called, who make good profits by buying and shipping the pickings of the "pickers." The skeletons are, of course, plentifully scattered over the plains, and parties of half a dozen, or dozen, or more, with wagons, go in search of them and bring them into the stations for shipment. It is said that since the first of last month from ten to twenty tons of buffalo bones have been shipped over the above-named lines every day.

The bones are worth, delivered at the railway station, an average of \$5 a ton. The bulk of them is sold for fertilizing purposes in the soil-enfeebled districts of the Eastern and Middle States, Philadelphia being the principal point of consignment. Certain portion of the buffalo skeleton, however, are adapted to nobler uses than the invigoration of worn-out earth, and are sold at a handsome price to the manufacturer of buttons, combs and knife handles. At almost every railroad depot are great piles of these queer remains of the bounding bison awaiting shipment; and the variations of the value of bones are of more interest to the people than the fluctuations of the grain market. In assorting for market strange discoveries are sometimes made. It is no uncommon thing, for instance, to find Indian skulls, legs and arms; and in some instances the skulls and vertebrae of women and children have been picked up. These latter are usually tossed aside in a rude sort of reverence for the helpless and innocent; but no such respect is paid to the bones of the Indian. An Indian skull is said to be worth a dollar and a quarter for combs, and the Indian thigh makes knife handles that are beautiful to behold.

MERCILESS BUTCHERY.

Hide hunters along the Kansas Pacific are even more numerous than the bone pickers, and their trade is much more exciting and hazardous. They usually follow in the wake of buffalo hunting expeditions and roving bands of Indian "meat jerkers." The Indians who kill buffalo take only a small portion of the animal, and the white men who slay them only for sport rarely touch them with a knife; so that the hide hunter who goes after is usually sure of his spoil, as the hide remains in good order for removal nearly a week after the killing, if the wolves keep away. When hides are not to be had fast enough or with personal safety in this way, the hide hunters project little raids of their own out into the buffalo ranges, killing the animals simply for their hides, and leaving the meat to decay, or selling it at a nominal rate to accompanying parties of dealers. The hides are tanned and dressed by a much more rapid, but less perfect and effective process than that followed by the Indians, and only the hides of animals killed in cold weather make really valuable robes.

In a little more than three months over 50,000 of these hides were shipped from the stations on the western division of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and it is estimated that the shipments for this year over that road and the Kansas Pacific will aggregate 125,000. As each hide represents a slain buffalo, these figures convey a fair, though not a full idea of the magnificent butchery which has been going on among these "monarchs of the plains." The hides, after being dressed, and rolled up in as small a compass as possible, and shipped to the large Eastern cities, where they are subjected to a process of recleaning and drying, and put into the market for sale. The original purveyor of the hides gets about as much for them as the New England and New York farmer receives for the hides of his cattle; but the profit of the Eastern dealer, as can be seen at a glance, is considerable. Attempts have been made from time to time to convert the buffalo hide into leather, but without much success, and it probably has no very great value except for use as a robe.

BUFFALO MEAT.

But of still greater importance than bone picking or hide hunting is the trade in buffalo meat. It has employed, during the last year or two, an amount of labor and capital that would seem incredible to a person unacquainted with the facts. The meat market opens in November, when the weather becomes cool enough for its transportation, and continues until the 1st of April. During these five months as much as 2,000,000 pounds are shipped from the station on the Kansas Pacific to all parts of the country. In the winter months a buffalo steak can be obtained as easily and almost as cheaply in the butchers' stalls of the leading Northern cities as a beef steak or a mutton chop, and in Colorado and Kansas it is as common as antelope. When buffaloes are killed for the meat only the hams and shoulders are brought in, and shipments are usually made in that shape, the hide nearly always being left on to the end of the journey. The leading markets for buffalo meat "in the rough" are St. Louis, Chicago and Indianapolis, whence it is reshipped, in cleaner and more artistic condition, to cities of the seaboard. At Kansas City, too, large quantities are cured and packed for Eastern use, and some successful experiments have been made in shipping direct to New York and Philadelphia in refrigerator cars. The price in the towns along middle and eastern divisions of the Kansas Pacific ranges from \$50 to \$80 per ton in bulk, and the local dealers' retail is at six to eight cents per pound. The settlers adjacent to the stamping ground of the buffalo procure meat enough in a day's hunting to last them through the winter; and many a poor homesteader in the valley of the Arkansas has kept the wolf from the door on this article of diet alone for months at a time. The flesh of the buffalo is not such as gods would delight to feed upon, nor would poets find it particularly conducive to the cultivation of sweet and tender imagery. It is very nutritious, however.

THE OLD MAN'S COLT.

A NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE.

The snow was falling right cheerily on the last day of the year, and already there lay upon the ground sufficient to make most excellent sleighing. The youngsters were enjoying the fun in the roads, the country sledges were rattling by filled by rosy-cheeked girls, and merry lads; the most elegant turnouts from the city—fourteen miles distant—occasionally flitted past the tavern door, where I was tarrying, temporarily, and the season was peculiarly gay, as the holidays were passing away.

In the bar of the country hotel where I sojourned I had right heartily enjoyed the various samples of human character I met, and I had for a week, day and evening, had the opportunity to listen to the "yarn" of the villagers, or the numerous visitors who congregated in the old tavern, which had for many a long year been the resort of hundreds of farmers, cow-boys, horse-jockeys, and travelers of one kind or another, en route to and from the city, or homeward bound.

I had given out among the settlers that I wished to purchase a good horse—if one chanced to turn up during my stay at that tavern—and all hands were on the look out for me; for it was understood that I would pay for such an animal as I fancied a liberal price.

Whether any of my newly made acquaintances aided the seller or not, I never knew; but there came along this very afternoon alluded to, the last day of December, a young man from Vermont (so he said, and I guess he did!) who drove up to the tavern door a grayish-looking beast that attracted my attention at once, for he was a good stepper, and he came in in gallant style.

"Whoa!" shouted the driver: and he jumped from the heavy old sleigh upon the door step, and flung the reins carelessly over the dash, as the stable-boy came to look after the new arrival.

"That's Jem Saltum," said one of the bar-room loungers. "He's from Brattleboro' and he's got a good 'un. He never comes down with anything but good 'uns eyther."

Perhaps this remark was intended for my benefit, and perhaps not. I heard it, but seemed not to observe it.

An hour afterwards, Jem Saltum ensconced himself before the bar-room fire, ordered a mug of flip, and commenced leisurely to smoke a short six, and sip his "nectar," as he called it. I had been out to the stable and examined his colt—a beautiful bright bay, with heavy tail and mane, well put together in limb, and very stylish in action—and I concluded to buy him. As yet I had said nothing to Jem Saltum, however, and he had observed a marked silence on entering the house. I waited for Jem Saltum to open up to me, or to some one around, but he smoked and drank his flip and looked into the great blazing fire, and finally seemed to be dropping into a doze.

It was a cold, night, the 31st day of December. The snow had ceased falling and the prospect of glorious good sleighing for New Year's day was never more promising. I waited for him to begin, but he said not a word about his horse, and so, at last, I went to him.

"A good looking nag you drove down to-day," I remarked by way of commencement.

He did not reply, but opened his eyes lazily, then continued to seem to be sleeping.

"A young 'un?" I queried.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" he asked, looking up.

"I was saying you had a nice looking colt."

"Oh, yaas. That's the old man's, that is."

"For sale?"

"No—not edzactly. That is, I reck'n the ole man wouldn't agree to sell him for no reasonable price."

"Who's the old man you speak of?"

"Who? Why he's my uncle; the man I live with."

"What are his qualities?"

"Whose? The ole man's?"

"No, the colt's."

"Oh, I thought you meant my uncle. Wal, the hoss is what we call up'n our country, a good 'un. He gets up well, all round, is five years old, coming six, square trotter, way down in the forties, sound as a new dollar, good size, never shies or bolts, 'fraid of nothin' but a whip, and on the road he takes it all his own way. I don't think the old man'll sell though, any how," continued Jem; and he turned around and began to settle himself down in his chair, for another nap.

I made up my mind to purchase that colt—or, at lease, try him—so I added: "Is he fast?"

"I told you, just now, that he was comin' six, and could foot it down in the forties. That'll do, I reck'n, for a five year-old, stranger."

"Yes, yes. Have you any objection to let me see him move?"

"None in the world, sir. To-morrow, if you wish."

"Yes. The shipping will be fine, and I would like to buy a good horse," I added, if I can light on one that suits me, every way, and that does not come too high."

Jem Saltum knew all this before. But I did not know whether he wished to sell; and thought he didn't.

"Yes. Wal, then, to-morrow we will take a turn with the colt, and you shall see him go.—But as near as I can call 'late, from what the ole man said, when I left home, he don't keer to sell him any way."

And with this consolatory remark he fell sound asleep (or appeared to) before the big bar-room fire.

At an early hour next morning I met Sem again, and gave him the customary salutation of the season.

"Happy New Year, sir," said I pleasantly,

"Wal, yas, so it is! New Year's Day—an' a very nice 'un it is.

"How's the pony this morning?" I enquired.

"Oh, nicely, never better. Yas, I see. You're the gentleman as spoke about him last night."

"Yes; and we'll give him a trial when you're ready," I added.

"Yas, we will try him—but I don't believe the ole man cares to sell him," insisted Jem.

However, we got aboard of a light cutter, and at last we started for a jaunt to test the speed and mettle of the horse I had been so favorably struck with at first sight, and away we went, followed by half a dozen good 'uns, rigged out at the tavern stables, to see and help enjoy the promised sport.

The handsome bay colt proved to be a "flyer." How fast he could trot I could not say; but he distanced all competitors for a mile—two, five, six, seven miles—and returned to the hotel in gallant style, at his top gait, without showing the slightest sign of distress. He was a splendid roadster, and just what I wanted.

"What do you ask for him?" said I at last.

"Wal, as I said afore, I don't b'lieve the ole man keers to part with him.—least-ways he could get two hundred an' a half for him."

"That's a big price for a five year old," I said.

"Wal, he aint no fool of a colt, mind. The old man won't take less."

"I'll give you two hundred dollars," I said. This was a round sum for a horse in those days.

"No, the ole man wouldn't be satisfied," insisted Saltum, and he turned his horse's head to the stable, as I entered.

I concluded very shortly to take the colt—at Jem's price, however—and about an hour afterward said:

"Well, Saltum, I think I'll trade with you. It's too much for a five year old, but I'll give you two hundred and a half."

"Wal," said Jem slowly, "rally I don't think the ole man would like to sell him for that anyhow, and I guess I'll take him to city where I'll get his valoo."

"But you only asked two hundred and fifty for the colt."

"Wal, you didn't take me up eyther, did ye?"

"Not at that moment—no."

"Wal, sharp's the word, yer know, in a horse trade. But I'm quite sartin the ole man wouldn't be satisfied with less than three hundred."

"Three hundred!" I exclaimed. "Well I won't give if that's all."

"No more I wouldn't Mister, if I was you. Cos you can't allers tell about a five year old if he is smart and purty. He might break down; and I can sell him in the city easy."

I wanted the horse, but I let him go. And I did not see Jem Saltum till afternoon, when he turned the nag out for exercise again and whisked up and down before the door, to the admiration of everybody who saw him.

"Saltum," I said, "come, I didn't mean to do it, but I like your horse. Give me a bill of him, I'll take him at three hundred, tho' it's a great price for him."

"Well, Mister," said the scamp coolly, "since this mornin' I've made up my mind that he can go faster than we thought he could, and I can take three hundred and a half for him, of a man up the road here. I've thairfore concluded that the ole man won't be satisfied unless I do the best I can; though, rally, the ole man wouldn't allow me to sell him anyway."

"Confound the old man and his colt, too!" I said, not a little vexed at the sharp practice of my green appearing friend from Vermont. "You get no four hundred dollars out of me for that horse."

"No, I suppose not, Mister. But there needn't be any hard feelin's between us. He's a dreadful colt, and the ole man would not be satisfied unless he brought him a good price, I'm sure."

With these words Saltum returned his dashing pony into the stable once more.

I was bound to buy this horse, and I think, now, that Jem Saltum knew it. But four hundred dollars was an awful figure I thought.—Still, fearing that the fellow would dodge me again, I mustered courage, and before I retired at night, I said good naturedly, as Jem sat sucking his flip:

"Well, Saltum, we have had a good deal of talk."

"Yaas, we hev."

"And I like your horse."

"I know you do."

"And I'll give you the four hundred dollars for him—though I never believed I should be such a fool as to pay like th's for a single horse."

The Vermont sharper shook his flip mug and drained it to the bottom slowly, and replied:

"After all we've said, Mister, there ain't no man I'd rather hev that hoss than you. But I'm bound to do what's right, an, at the same time I must not forgit the ole man that raised the colt. Ef I can't get five hundred for the pony, I don't believe the ole man would be satisfied, an' I've concluded to take him back to Vermont accordingly."

"Five hundred dollars!" I yelled; "why you are crazy. Or perhaps you think I'm a fool," I added, rising. "Good-night, sir. I trust you'll get five hundred dollars for your five year colt. That is a hundred a year exactly." And I went to bed in high dudgeon.

When I came down the next morning the colt stood in the sleigh at the front door, and Jem was just ready, apparently, to leave. The golden opportunity to become the owner of a really fine animal was about to pass from me, and I coveted the beast inwardly and in earnest.

"Which way, Jem?" I asked.

"To town. Afore night I'm going to hev my price for this colt, or my name ain't Jem Saltum."

"How much do you ask for him to day?" I said, tartly.

"Wal, Mister, I've thought it all over, and as good horses ain't plenty just now, I've made up my mind that the ole man never'd be satisfied if I

THE KENNICOTT CLUB held its annual meeting Jan. 12th, at the club-room of the Sherman House. President Abner Price in the chair.

After some time spent in the collection of dues, it was found that there were present sixteen members who had complied with the financial requirements of the by-laws, and were therefore entitled to vote.

The report of the Treasurer, D. G. Alston, was submitted, showing the receipts for the year from all sources to have been \$1,153.78; disbursements, \$448.55; balance on hand, \$705.23. In addition to this excellent showing, the sum of \$125 in dues was collected at this meeting.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President—Joel A. Kinney.

Vice President—J. H. Whitman.

Secretary—T. W. Wilmarth.

Treasurer—D. G. Alston.

Board of Managers—J. J. Kleinman, A. A. Sample, C. S. Squires.

After extending a vote of thanks to the retiring officers for the manner in which they had discharged their duties the Club adjourned.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

The N. Y. Herald, in an article on the National Rifle Association and its prospects, says:

"They have brought to a close a very brilliant season and inaugurated a pastime that gives promise of attracting nearly universal attention from the young men throughout the country. The merit of rifle shooting does not rest merely in the amusement it affords or the benefit derived from open air exercise, but in the fact that it is developing an army of marksmen that can lend an unerring eye and a steady hand when their country needs their assistance. During the past months a spirit of rivalry has sprung up between the members of the different members of the National Guard, and the result has been highly beneficial, as shown by the scores made by their different teams on repeated occasions. Unfortunately, the movement on the part of the National Guardsmen to avail themselves of the chance to become perfect masters of the rifle has been confined to individual members, instead of the regiment *en masse*.

The N. Y. Board of Aldermen seeing the good already achieved by the National Rifle Association, have authorized the Board of Apportionment to appropriate \$5,000 for their benefit, and, as it is understood that Mayor Vance is in favor of the donation, there is a probability of the Association having some funds to keep the range at a Creedmoor in proper repair.

In deference to the wishes of the American team, among whom are several gentlemen who object to shooting for money, Major Leech has considerably agreed that the forthcoming match between the Irish and American teams shall be for a cup or badge and not for a money prize. The Leech cup will be made the prize for a grand shoot for the championship. The winner will be allowed to hold the cup for one year and then will have to return it to the Association, retaining a gold medal as a trophy of his victory. The Leech cup will probably be shot for in the latter part of May. It will be open to competition of American citizens."

One of the most excellent and practical systems for practice shooting that we have heard of, is that about to be introduced at Creedmoor, as an off-hand mark. A deer or figure will be on a truck that will run on rails up and down an inclined plane. They have a deer as a mark at Wimbledon that is fixed on an eccentric, so that it gives a jump every few yards. Marksmen are allowed to shoot at it with a double-barrelled rifle, and are fined for every ball they put in the hind quarter.

The Kennel.

T. M. HORSFALL.

ON THE CHOICE OF A DOG.

How to choose a dog. We are not writing now for the cognoscenti, but for the uninitiated. The first thing you have to decide is: what sort of a dog? Pointer or setter? Supposing you have no predilection in favor of either, there are several reasons to influence you in your choice. If you only go out occasionally, don't make a companion of your dog, and leave him to the care of others, a pointer is to be preferred; if otherwise, a setter; but the climate also has to be taken into consideration; pointers standing heat better than setters, and vice versa. Having made your choice, the next thing is to get your dog. We will now discuss the different ways of doing so. First you can buy a broken dog, in which case you must go and see him perform in the field, both with and without a companion. You should see him out several times, so as to learn all his peculiarities, and watch carefully the manner in which his breaker handles him, also the words and signals he has been taught to obey. In this case pedigree is not of so much consequence, for if the dog is well broken and suits you it is all you require. Don't get a dog, however, well broken. He may seem

to be, and really is, when handled by his breaker, unless in his second season at least, for no matter what may be said and written, a dog is not broken in his first season. I mean in such a manner that he can be relied on after leaving his breaker's hands. If, in his second season, a good dog, and well broken, you may expect to pay a good price, but you will have your money's worth. Another way to get a dog is to buy a puppy and break it yourself, and this would be our advice, as we consider it by far the best plan. We shall not tell you, as so many do, that it is no trouble or very little for it is, but all it requires is a little time, trouble and patience, more particularly the last, but we can assure you, if you have never broken a dog, and are afraid to try, that it requires no art beyond what we have said, and F. Forrester's book will give all necessary details. You will have to use self command for one season, and not go out to make large bags, be satisfied with a single bird out of a covey, instead of a right and left at first, also empty a second barrel at a wounded bird, and not let your dog hunt for a bird, unless you are sure it is dead, and when sure hunt for an hour before giving it up; but you will be more than recompensed for your self command the second season, and will make larger bags than you ever did before, besides having a dog that understands you, and that you understand far more thoroughly than any you could buy, broken by the best breaker in the world. Here pedigree tells, and you must be careful when buying your puppy, otherwise, after all your trouble you may have a brute that is not worth powder and shot to kill it. Another plan is to buy a puppy and have it broken. In this case, if the breaker is a breeder, and has any puppies for sale, it would be advisable to buy one from him, provided that after seeing them, you find one to suit you, for it will be to his interest to turn him out such a dog as will do him credit and give you satisfaction, and he will not have the excuse that it was spoilt before coming into his hands, or that there is a flaw in his pedigree, either of which are able to prevent a dog from doing justice to his breaker. Now we come to the most general way of procuring a dog, viz: getting a puppy from a friend, of course there are exceptions, but as a rule this is the worst way of all, whether you break him yourself, or have him broken by a breaker; if the former, you may lose all your time, and perhaps be disgusted with the attempt at training in the bargain; if the latter, supposing him returned as worthless, even charging you nothing for all his trouble, still there is his board, the time lost, the season coming on and no dog. Many think because a friend has a bitch that is a good performer in the field she is sure to throw fine puppies; this is not so, she may, and often does get lined by half a dozen different dogs, and again, although she may be kept up and care taken that but one has access to her, that one being also a good dog in the field it does not follow her puppies will turn out well, as the dog may be lacking in those very qualities that the bitch is also deficient in, the owner of the bitch not being very particular that those points in which the dam is lacking should be in preponderance in the sire, and very probably has only hearsay evidence as to the good qualities of the dog that lines her. Here is where the great advantage of buying puppies from a breeder comes in, supposing he is a man that understands his business for he knows all the qualities of both sire and dam, and mates with great care and forethought and not by chance. A moral or two here in favor of bitches to those living in the country. A bitch may annoy you twice a year, three weeks at a time, during which time you keep her shut up. A dog is running around the neighborhood (supposing you habitually leave him loose) three months at a time, twice a year, running the risk of being shot. Which is the least trouble, to keep a dog fastened 6 months, or a bitch 6 weeks. She may come in heat just in the season you will say, perhaps she may, but that will only stop her for about a week, in reverse your dog may be shot and you not have him at all. We are not up holding bitches in preference to dogs, but simply saying a word in their favor, as they are despised by so many sportsmen.

Our Kennel Editor has purchased the brace of Beaufort pointers, mentioned in a recent number, paying therefor the sum of \$250.

RED "RABBITS."—*Dear Sir:*—Can any of your correspondents enlighten me? While out shooting a few days ago, a friend of mine killed a perfectly scarlet rabbit. I have never before seen or heard of such in all my shooting; are there in any country, rabbits of this color? A practical taxidermist will have the handling of this quadruped.

SEMPER IDEM.

C. H. Andreas, of Youngstown, Ohio, has sold his chestnut trotting gelding Reserve, by Excelsior, dam by Bacchus, to Thomas P. Wallace, of this city. The price paid is said to be \$8,000. Reserve is said to be very fast, and will be a great acquisition to Mr. Wallace's already numerous and valuable stable.

THE FIELD

Official Organ of Illinois & Tennessee State Sportsmen's Associations.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

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H. V., Havana, Ill.—The bet was UNDERSTOOD to be dependent upon the willingness of the parties in question to engage in the contest. L. can claim no forfeit.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The public are hereby cautioned against paying money on our account to any person whomever, unless furnished with a receipt for the same signed by the President or Secretary of

THE FIELD ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

Our Views of Happiness.

Philosophically speaking, the world is a mirror, which reflects back to us the picture of the substance we present to its surface, showing us the aspect of our own souls, either tranquil or troubled as the case may be. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape, the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, and thus life, like the chameleon, takes its hues of light or shade from the soul upon which it rests. Ere we count ourselves unhappy, then, let us pause and look within, considering the spirit that actuates us, and see whether we are not ourselves the moulders of our ill or good fortune, by the spirit in which we meet the varying chances and phases of life. One of the grand secrets of happiness in this world, is not to be too sensitive, but to accommodate ourselves to circumstances, not grumbling at every little mischance, but putting the best aspect upon everything.

There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness not unfrequently ends in death, by the brooding apprehension of the sick. The fact is, more than half the ills we endure are imaginary; true, the same may be said of our pleasures, as most of our enjoyment consists in anticipation. Still it shows us how much happiness depends upon ourselves and upon the spirit in which we construe life. The reader may instance some bodily affliction he is laboring under, and moodishly ask: "Is this an evil that is but the reflection of my own mind—would the FIELD say to me, 'accommodate yourself to circumstances, and be happy?'" Yes, even in your case, ye afflicted one, would we strive to alleviate your pain by the sense in which we would have you construe its meanings. Sufferings are but the trials of valiant spirits; and, by looking at the matter in this light, you have conquered your troubles at the outset. Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory, and willingly endured, is the greatest virtue.

It is well to exercise a little philosophy in these matters, when we remember that the greatest human happiness is but a flower blooming upon thorns, so frail in texture that it hardly shows itself ere it withers away. Suspicion and moroseness are two cunning guides that will lead within the

citadel of the heart hosts of misfortunes, if we will tamely indulge them, but they flee from a pleasant face and joyous mien. We have ills enough to burden this life withal; then add not heaviness of soul to the balance. A man carries the stoutest of all armors within his own heart, for the keenest and surest weapon is a bold and cheerful spirit.

HORSE-BACK EXERCISE.

The stamina of constitution and vigor of body, so much superior in former generations as compared with the present, was owing in a great degree to exercise on horse-back. Years ago it was almost the only means of land transportation, save on foot, for carriages and pleasure wagons have come into general use within the present century. Horse-back exercise for both sexes was general and common within the memory of many now living, as it is now in parts of New England and other portions of our country, particularly the southern. It gives substance to the body, vigor to the mind, freshness to the countenance, cheerfulness to the spirits, and health to the viscera. In internal diseases it is too much neglected. Dyspepsia, bilious complaints, consumption, have increased in ratio proportionate to the neglect of the saddle and pillion. Therefore, we say, let invalids, particularly consumptives, discard drugs and buy saddle-horses, live out of doors in the genial sun and pure air, and so gain a new lease of life.

And here, for the benefit of such as may wisely conclude to act upon our advice, let us advance a few hints which we think will be found valuable:

A person on horseback is either a most graceful or a most awkward object. A man may walk without much elegance, and still attract no particular attention; but a bungling performance on horse-back makes the unhappy sufferer the butt for every beholder. One great secret in correct riding is to make the seat the centre of motion. The tyro shortens the stirrup straps, that he may support his weight upon them; he then throws the body forward, and each spring of the horse raises him clear from the saddle, propelling him forward by a not very gentle application of horse power in the rear. His feet are the centre of motion, and he oscillates forward and backward like the piston rod of a steam engine; and the reaction upon the horse adds greatly to his fatigue. While in this position, should the horse stop suddenly, or stumble badly, the rider goes on independently and finds himself on the horse's withers, neck, or over his head, as the case may be. From the first, the rider should learn to hold himself firm in the seat, by grasping the sides of the horse with the thighs. Let them be a vice from which no plunge of the horse forward, upward, or sideway, can extricate him. Keep the body erect, or slightly inclining backward, the feet feeling the stirrup beneath, but not resting there to support the body. Let the toes be nearly parallel with the sides of the horse, or but slightly inclined outward. The muscles of the body above the hips may be relaxed, to yield to the motion imparted by the animal. Keep the elbows by the sides, not constrained, but resting there naturally and easily. Never depend on the bridle to keep in place upon the saddle; let that be done with the muscles of the thighs. This position will be tiresome at first, and the beginner should ride but a short distance at a time, until the muscles are accustomed to the use required of them. Horsemen differ as to the propriety of using one or both hands for the bridle. A horse properly trained can be easily guided with one hand. For this purpose, the reins should be drawn tight enough to feel the horse's mouth, then a slight turn of the hand to the right or left will be sufficient. An animal soon becomes acquainted with the peculiar manner of one who uses him frequently, and may be taught in a short time to turn at the increased pressure of the leg upon either side, and take a different gait at the mere touch of the bridle. When there is danger from stumbling, it is safer to ride with a loose rein; the horse can recover himself much more readily if he may have command of his head and neck. He will also more easily discern and avoid obstructions, if his head be left in its natural position. To bring a horse's head and neck into a painful position by a standing martingale, is both cruel and dangerous; he will fall upon a slight stumble.

We take pleasure in noting the fact that two men from Milwaukee, who had been fishing in Swan Lake with a gill-net—the use of which or of similar contrivances is prohibited by Wisconsin statutes—were lately arrested and fined. The fact that they were ignorant of the law against such fishing served to influence justice in their favor, but it is gratifying to know that the arrest was made, as it evinces a determination to stop such reprehensible practices.

THE GOSPEL OF LEISURE.

To each time its own preacher, to each excess its own counteraction. In an age of dissipation, languor and stagnation, we should join with Mr. Carlyle in preaching the "Evangel of Work," and say with him, "blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness." In an age of stenuous, frenzied, feverish, excessive and often utterly inactional and objectless exertion, we join Mr. Mill in preaching the milder and more needed "Evangel of Leisure." We quote from Greg's Literary and social judgments:

"The worth of work does not surely consist in its leading to other work, and so on to work upon work without end. On the contrary, the multiplication of work, for purposes not worth caring about, is one of the evils of our present condition. When justice and reason shall be the rule of human affairs, one of the first things to which we may expect them to be applied is the question, How many of the so-called luxuries, conveniences, refinements and ornaments of life are *worth* the labor which must be undergone as the condition of producing them? The beautifying of existence is as worthy and useful an object as the sustaining of it, but only a vitiated taste can see any such result in those fopperies of so-called civilization, which myriads of hands are now occupied and lives wasted in providing. In opposition to the 'Gospel of Work,' I would assert the Gospel of Leisure, and maintain that human beings *cannot* rise to finer attributes of their nature compatibly with a life filled with labor. * * * To reduce very greatly the quantity of work required to carry on existence, is as needful as to distribute it more equally; and the progress of science, and the increasing ascendancy of justice and good sense, tend to this result."

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

The semi-annual meeting of this organization was held at the Tremont House, in Chicago, Tuesday afternoon, the president, John V. LeMoyne, in the chair. Some twenty members were present, and the chief object of the meeting was to consider the following bill, reported by the Executive Committee:

SECTION 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to hunt, or pursue, kill, or trap, net, or ensnare, destroy, or attempt to kill, trap, net, ensnare, or otherwise destroy, any wild buck, doe, or fawn, wild turkey, prairie hen or chicken, ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge or pheasant), between the 1st day of January and the 15th of August in each and every year; or any quail between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of October; or any woodcock between Jan. 1 and July 1; or any wild goose, duck, snipe, brant, or other water fowl, between April 15 and Aug. 15.

SEC. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person or corporation to buy, sell, or have in possession any of the animals, wild-fowl, or birds mentioned in Sec. 1 at any time when the killing, trapping, netting, ensnaring, or destroying of such animals, wild-fowl or birds shall be unlawful.

SEC. 3. If any person or corporation violating any of the provisions of the two preceding sections shall forfeit and pay a fine of \$15 for each wild buck, doe, or fawn thus killed, trapped, netted, ensnared, or otherwise destroyed, bought, sold, or had in possession, and a fine of \$15 for each wild turkey, prairie hen or chicken, ruffed grouse, pheasant, quail, woodcock, wild goose, duck, snipe, brant, or other water-fowl thus killed, trapped, netted, ensnared, or otherwise destroyed, bought, sold, or had in possession as aforesaid.

SEC. 4. No person shall at any time within this State kill, or attempt to kill, trap, net, ensnare, or destroy any robin, bluebird, swallow, martin, musqueto-hawk, whip-poor-will, cuckoo, woodpecker, cat-bird, brown-thrasher, red-bird, hanging-bird, bluejay, finch, thrush, lark, cherry bird, yellow bird, oriole or bobolink, or rob or destroy the nest of such birds or any of them; and every person so offending shall forfeit and pay a fine of \$5 for each and every offence, to be sued for and recovered as provided in Sec. 7 of this act.

SEC. 5. No person shall at any time within this State, with a trap, or snare, or net, take, or attempt to take, snare, or take, any wild turkey, prairie chicken, Virginia partridge, pheasant, grouse or quail; and any person so offending shall forfeit and pay a fine of \$5 for each and every offence, to be sued for and recovered as provided in Sec. 7 of this act.

SEC. 6. It shall be unlawful for any person to destroy or remove from the nest of any prairie chicken, grouse, or quail, wild turkey, goose, or brant, any eggs of such fowl or birds, or for any person to buy, sell or have in possession, or traffic in such eggs, or wilfully destroy the nest of any such birds or fowls; penalty, \$5.

SEC. 7. All prosecutions and suits for violation of the provisions of this act shall be brought by any person in the name of the State of Illinois against any person or persons violating the same before any Justice of the Peace of the county in which such violation is alleged to have taken place, or before any court of competent jurisdiction; one-half of the amount recovered in any such suit shall go to the school treasury of the township in which this act shall have been violated, to be added to the school fund of said township, and the other half shall go to the complainant. The interest of the complainant in any fine so sued for shall not affect his competency as a witness in any such suit.

SEC. 8. All suits under this act shall be commenced within one month from the time the offence was committed.

The reading of the bill was followed by a brief discussion of its various provisions, and at the suggestion of Gen. Strong the first of May was sub-

stituted for April 15th, as the commencement of the close season for snipe. Mr. W. F. Milliken was chosen the representative to proceed to Springfield to secure the passage of the bill; to the support of which the Association pledged itself, and the Secretary was instructed to furnish all members copies thereof.

There was a brief discussion on the subject of shooting snowbirds, which resulted in the Executive Committee being instructed not interfere with parties shooting them.

It was voted that an agent be employed by the Association during the first fifteen days preceding the close of the season to prosecute violators of the Game law.

On motion of Mr. R. Clarke, the Chair was authorized and instructed to appoint delegates to the Convention of the National Sportsmen's Association to be held at Cleveland next June.

A communication from Mr. Luther E. Shinn, resigning his position as Secretary of the Association, was received and accepted, and Mr. G. W. Eggleston was elected to fill the vacancy. The Association then adjourned.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST, for January, is an unusually interesting number, replete with information valuable to scientists. Rev. Samuel Lockwood contributes a paper on the Pine Snake of New Jersey; Dr. C. C. Parry writes of Botanical Observations in Southern Utah, in 1874; The Colossal Cephaloids of the North Atlantic form the subject of an illustrated article, by Prof. A. E. Verrill; the editor, A. S. Packard, likewise has an illustrated paper entitled Life Histories of the Protozoa; and The Wheeler Geological Survey of New Mexico, for 1874, is described by E. D. Cope. The miscellaneous notes on botany, zoology, microscopy, etc., together with miscellaneous notes and reviews, fully maintain the high character which this publication has justly earned.

WE have received from T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut St., Phila., Sir Walter Scott's novel, the "Bride of Lammermoor," which is the third volume of their cheap edition for the million, of the Waverly Novels. It is furnished post-paid to any one, to any place at the low rate of twenty-five cents per copy, or five dollars for the twenty-six volumes. Cheap and excellent reading, truly.

A RARA AVIS.—Our esteemed fellow citizen and enterprising taxidermist, Mr. Fred. Kaempfer, has at present on exhibition in a cage in his store, a bevy of a dozen fine quail, sent him from Iowa, which are well worthy a visit from sportsmen and others, the more especially as there is among them one bird that is perfectly white—in fact an albino. Mr. K. takes great pride in his rare specimen and has already received numerous applications for its purchase from lovers of natural curiosities. We advise our city readers to go and see it.

ILLINOIS STATE ASSOCIATION.—The semi-annual meeting of this organization, held at the Tremont House, in this city, on Tuesday last, was characterized by marked harmony of action, and the articles adopted for the preservation of game seem to us to be excellent. We trust there will be no difficulty in obtaining their adoption by the Legislature.

WE are in receipt of a very urgent invitation from R. H. Strong, Esq., president of the "Wisconsin State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," to attend the second meeting of that organization, to be held at Madison, Feb. 2d, and it will afford us much satisfaction to be there, if business permits.

MR. R. VALENTINE, secretary of the Wisconsin State Poultry Association writes that the department of Sporting Dogs, at the annual exhibition, will be made a large one; and the premiums have been raised to \$5 first and \$3 second.

THE Second Annual Exhibition of the Maine Poultry Association, is to be held in City Hall, Portland Me., Jan. 12 to 15.

We have before us the Rules and Premium List, and find the latter very attractive.

A "grasshopper benefit" is what the N. Y. Herald terms the entertainment at which Mrs. Scott Siddons assisted, in Chicago, New Year's night.

About Town.

The condition of the sidewalks in Chicago, just now, is simply disgraceful. We know of no other city in the country in which snow and ice would be so long allowed to remain upon the walks to the imminent peril of life and limb. Man traps abound in all directions, and especially would we designate as such the ice-heaped steps leading to the kennels. During these cold nights the gas lights burn very dimly in the streets, and it is next to impossible to pick one's way without accident; indeed so risky is it to venture out that many amusement lovers prefer remaining at home to taking the chances of incurring a doctor's bill. It is but two nights since we saw three gentlemen and one lady fall in succession upon the same icy step. If it does not occur to our authorities that they lay themselves liable to pay for personal injuries to citizens, we would mildly hint to them that they take some steps for removing the evil. The example set by Boston, in this respect, is worthy of being followed. After each fall of snow, the occupants of houses and stores are given a certain time to clear their sidewalks, and if this is not done the clerk of the police court very blandly accepts such sums from the negligent as the presiding justice may direct.

THE THEATRES.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Miss Charlotte Thompson is at this establishment this week as "Jane Eyre." She is a charming actress and is well supported by the company.

MUSEUM.

A local sensation treating of certain phases of Chicago life has been presented here under the title of "Three Years in a Man Trap." It has proved a decided success, and indeed is not destitute of a moral. We understand the manager has received many commendatory letters from those who have felt the sad effects of too great a devotion to liquor.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Kelly & Leon's bill of attractions for the week has been varied and acceptable. There is genuine pleasure in a visit to this house.

HOOLEY'S

This is the last week of "Lost in London." Very few theatre-goers, we believe, have failed to witness its performance, which has been characterized by truly superb acting.

A very ludicrous incident occurred here the other night, which gave rise to considerable laughter at the expense of one of the parties involved in the joke. Two ladies came into "the parlor home of comedy," escorted by a gentleman, and were shown to their seats by the usher. The ladies at once commenced an absorbing conversation. Whatever they were talking about, they took in the subject a great interest. The orchestra had just begun an overture to the performance, and to make their voices intelligible to one another it was necessary that they should talk in a very violent manner for a theatre conversation. They were lost in their theme; paid no attention to the place, the people around them, or the music. Suddenly the orchestra made a quick and, to the ladies, an unexpected transition from crescendo to diminuendo, and the fair one who then had the floor was heard to shout out, "I prefer mine raw." The effect can be better imagined than described. The audience within earshot enjoyed a hearty laugh, and the ladies doubtless wished themselves "over the hill and far away."

M'VICKER'S.

The sale of seats for the Strakosch Lyric Constellation has commenced at the Palmer House. The operas as far as announced are as follows: Monday night, "Traviata," with the following cast:

Violetta.....	Mlle. Heilbron.
Alfredo.....	Sig. Benfratelli.
Germont.....	Sig. Tagliapietra.

Tuesday evening, Mlle. Albani will make her debut in the title role of "Lucia." Wednesday evening, Mlle. Heilbron and Miss Cary will appear in "Faust." Thursday night, Wagner's great work, "Lohengrin," will be produced, with Mlle. Albini as *Elsa*. The opening, therefore, is strong, and, as nearly all the artists are new, there is every reason to expect that the preliminary sale will be a large one. Curiosity to see the new-comers ought of itself attract large audiences for the first week. The troupe is in Baltimore this week, and is doing a large business there.

THE ADELPHI.

No remarkable incident characterized the opening of this new and grand temple of the drama, on Monday evening. There was a great rush and

noise, but everything passed off pleasantly. By the way, why is it that a theatre cannot be dedicated without the cry being raised that it is unsafe. No one who has had cognizance of the pains and expense taken by the managers of this theatre can question for a moment its strength of construction.

ELSEWHERE.

Joe Jefferson is at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis.

John Owens, the comedian, has been sick in Texas.

Baltimore has the Strakosch Italian Opera Company.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and her English Opera Company open at the Academy of Music, N. Y., on Monday evening, Jan. 25.

Mrs. Rousby was received by the Arcadian Club, N. Y., on the evening of Jan. 8, and the gathering was of a most brilliant character.

Peoria, Ill., rejoices that she is to have a theatre "for gentlemen only," and it will be patronized only by men who are not gentlemen.

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 17, 1875.—At DeBar's Opera Mrs. J. A. Oates' excellent Burlesque Opera Troupe has performed before large and appreciative audiences during the past week. The troupe has been materially strengthened by the accession of several meritorious actors and singers.

The managers of the Olympic have been peculiarly fortunate in their engagements this season, in proof of which may be cited the fact that in nearly every case the engagements have been prolonged. This theatre is certainly in the hands of a first-class management, and theatre goers here seem to be alive to an appreciation of that fact. Joe Emmett, in "Fritz," now occupies the boards and the sign, "standing room only," has been hung out nearly every evening during the week.

Mitchell, of the Theatre Comique, ever on the alert to secure talent, regardless of expense, has succeeded in establishing one of the best Variety Theatres in the country. Notwithstanding the attractions at other places of amusement, this theatre is always filled to overflowing. During the season Ernest Byne, Billy Manning, Mons. D'Omer, Loyal, Pieris and Rickards have successively appeared and have each met with most cordial reception. Dick Parker, the eminent banjoist, has filled the position of stage manager in a manner alike creditable to himself and satisfactory to the crowds that nightly throng to this temple of amusement. The Can-Can is still one of the great attractions, it having been remodeled and put upon the stage on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted.

Mr. Theo. Habelmann, the well known tenor, has reorganized the Apollo Opera House and for the last three weeks has been presenting, in a most acceptable manner, the operas of "Faust," "Martha," "Marriage of Figaro," "Der Freischutz" and "Merry Wives of Windsor." Mr. Karl Formes made a decided and unusually brilliant success in his great part of "Falstaff," in the last mentioned opera. Mr. Habelmann, always St. Louis' favorite tenor, has added largely to his number of admirers since the inauguration of German Opera here.

The excellent stage management of Wallack's Theatre, N. Y., was put to the test a few nights since. After the first scene of the "Shaughraun," Miss Jeffreys Lewis, who plays the juvenile heroine, was taken ill very suddenly and carried insensible to her room. She was required to appear in a subsequent scene of the same act sixteen minutes afterward. Such an emergency had not been unprovided for. Every character in the play had been "understudied" by actresses and actors not employed in its representation but engaged in the establishment. Within ten minutes Miss Dora Goldthwaite was sent for, found enjoying the performance at Steinway Hall, and in five minutes more she was dressed for the part and ready for the scene. She looked, as she always does, exquisitely, and played the part as well as she looked it. We are happy to add that Miss Lewis is not seriously ill, and the rest of a few nights will restore her to the duties she fulfils so gracefully.

Sothorn said in a speech at the benefit of a certain stage manager in Birmingham, Eng., "He and I attacked the dramatic profession on the same night some twenty years since, he as a prompter, I as the ghost in 'Hamlet.' He was then the very worst prompter I ever saw. After the performance he gently and most kindly intimated to me that I was the most fearful actor he ever witnessed."

Herr Reinthaler's new opera "Edda," will soon be produced in Bremen. Herr Johann Strauss's "Cagliostro" is in preparation at the An der Wien Theatre, Vienna. Herr Auguste Horn has an opera, "The Neighbors," for Leipzig.

An automaton card player is on exhibition in London, which plays at whist and a number of other games, and also performs several card tricks. The figure is described as seated on a sheet of glass, and the spectator may stand by its side, and see that no person is concealed within the body.

Racing and Trotting.

Trotting at San Francisco, Cal.

OAKLAND TROTTING PARK, Dec. 28.—Purse \$200; \$100 to the first horse, \$75 to the second and \$25 to the third; half-mile heats, 3 in 5.

W. Pierce's b m Blanche Hull, by Rifleman	1	0	2	1	1
Jones' Selkirk	5	1	1	3	4
Owner's Gray Dick	3	2	3	2	2
J. Halstead's Obe	2	5	4	4	3
Smith's Blue Cloud	7	6	5	dis	
J. Merritt's Belle Mowry	6	0	dis		
J. Hines' Error	4	dis			

Time, :51—:50½—:50—:51—:50.

BAY DISTRICT FAIR GROUND TRACK, San Francisco, Dec. 25.—Purse \$1,000, free for all, second horse to save entrance; mile heats, 3 in 5.

W. Patrick's s m Katie Pease, by Planet, dam Minnie Mansfield, 100 lbs.	J. Baines	1	1	1
C. McLaughlin's b m Nell Flaherty, by Rifleman, dam Jenny Hull, 100 lbs.	C. Roos	2	3	2
W. Pierce's b m Blanche Hull, by Rifleman, 100 lbs.	J. Reavy	3	2	dis
P. Robson's b h Henry, by Norfolk, dam Versalia		dr		

Time, 1:48½—1:48—1:46.

BAY DISTRICT COURSE, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 26.—Trial of speed, for the benefit of the Bay District Driving Association, ½-mile heats, in harness.

Budd Doble's br g Occident	1	1
W. McClellan's b h Sam Purdy	2	2

Time of first heat (not official), 2:22½.

OAKLAND TROTTING PARK, Cal., Dec. 29.—Purse \$100; half-mile heats, 3 in 5.

G. R. Buchanan's ch g Sorrel Ned	8	1	5	1	1
D. VanGordon's Gray Dick	1	2	4	2	3
Mr. Smith's gr g Blue Cloud	5	6	1	3	4
J. Halstead's br g Obe	2	3	3	5	2
Mr. Hines' b g Error	4	4	2	4	5

Time, :51¼—:50¾—:52¾—:53—:53¾.

Turf Notes.

CHAMPIONS OF THE TURF.

THE RECORDS OF THE FASTEST HORSES IN THE WORLD.

We publish below a record of the fastest trotting time, made at all distances, up to date. Also a list of horses that have trotted up to 2:20, and the record of the fastest running and pacing time, with date, time and place, compiled especially for the *Sunday Herald*:

1 mile—2:14, Goldsmith Maid, in harness, Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., Sept. 2, 1874; also in 2:14½ at Rochester, 2:15½ at Buffalo, N. Y. and 2:16 at East Saginaw, Mich., during 1874.

1 mile—2:19¾, 2:16½, 2:16—fastest two and three consecutive heats, and also fastest third heat—Goldsmith Maid, in harness East Saginaw, Mich., July 16, 1874.

1 mile—2:18, Dexter, under saddle, at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1866.
1 mile—2:18 (dead heat with Red Cloud), 2:17½, 2:17, 2:19, Gloster, in harness Rochester, Aug. 14, 1874—fastest four consecutive heats.

1 mile 2:20, Mambrino Gift (Rochester, Aug. 13, 1874), and Smuggler (Mystic Park, Boston, Sept. 15, 1874), in harness—fastest stallion time.

1 mile—2:21, 2:20, 2:23, Mambrino Gift, as above—fastest three heats by a stallion.

1 mile—2:20, Smuggler, as above—fastest third heat by a stallion.
1 mile—2:20¼, Judge Fullerton, to wagon, Bay District Association track, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 21, 1874.

1 mile—2:20¼, 2:22¾, 2:21¼, Judge Fullerton, as above—fastest three heats to wagon.

1 mile—2:27¾, double team, Jessie Wales and Darkness, in harness, Narragansett Park, R. I., June 22, 1870.

2 miles—4:50¼, Flora Temple in harness, Aug. 16, 1859.

2 miles—4:56¼, Gen. Butler and Dexter, singly to wagon, June 18, 1853, and Oct. 27, 1865.

3 miles—7:21¼, Huntress, in harness, Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 21, 1872.

3 miles—7:32¼, Dutchman, under saddle, Beacon Course, N. J., Aug. 1, 1836.

3 miles—7:53, Longfellow, to wagon, Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 21, 1863.

4 miles—10:34¼, Longfellow, to wagon, California, Dec. 31, 1869.

4 miles—10:51, Dutchman, under saddle, May, 1836.

4 miles—11:06, Trustee, in harness, Union Course, L. I., June 13, 1849.

5 miles—13:00, Lady Mac, in harness, San Francisco, Cal., April 2, 1874.

5 miles—13:43¾, Little Mac, in wagon, Boston, Oct. 29, 1863.

10 miles—28:02¼, John Stewart, to wagon, Mass., June 30, 1868.

10 miles—28:08¼, Prince, in harness, Union Course, L. I., Nov. 11, 1853.

20 miles—38:25, Capt. McGowan, in harness, half-mile track, Boston, Oct. 31, 1865.

20 miles—59:23, John Stewart to wagon, Fashion Course, L. I., Sept. 22, 1868.

50 miles—3:55:40¼, Ariel, in harness, driver weighing 60 pounds, Albany N. Y., 1846.

50 miles—3:59:04, Spangle, wagon and driver weighing 400 lbs., Union Course, L. I., Oct. 15, 1855.

100 miles—8:55:53, Conqueror, in harness, Union Course, L. I., Nov. 12, 1853.

100 miles—10:17:22, Master Burke and Robin; double team, in harness.

HORSES THAT HAVE TROTTED IN HARNESS UP TO 2:20.

Goldsmith Maid	2:14	Judge Fullerton	2:19
American Girl	2:16¼	George Palmer	2:19½
Lula	2:16¾	Bodine	2:19½
Occident	2:16¾	Flora Temple (still living)	2:19¾
Gloster (lead)	2:17	Camors (dead)	2:19½
Dexter	2:17½	Mambrino Gift	2:20
Red Cloud	2:18	Smuggler	2:20
Nettie	2:18	Fleety Gooldust	2:20
Lady Thorne	2:18½		
Lucy	2:18½		

THE BEST STALLION TIME IN HARNESS FOR ONE MILE,

Mambrino Gift	2:20	Commonwealth	2:24½
Smuggler	2:20	Pilot Temple	2:24½
Jay Gould	2:21½	H. W. Genet	2:26
Sam Purdy	2:23½	Joe Brown	2:26½
Thomas Jefferson	2:23½	Phil Sheridan	2:28½
W. H. Allen	2:23½	Strideaway	2:28½
Dr. co Prince	2:24		

FASTEST PACING TIME.

1 mile—2:14½, Billy Royce, under saddle, Buffalo N. Y., Aug. 1, 1868.
1 mile—2:17½, Pocahontas, wagon and driver weighing 265 lbs, Union Course, L. I., June 21, 1855.
2 miles—4:56¼, Hero, in harness, Union Course, L. I., May 17, 1853.
2 miles—4:57½, under saddle, James K. Polk, and also Roanoke, Philadelphia, June 20, 1850.
2 miles—4:58¼, Young America, to wagon.
2 miles—5:04¼, Bowery Boy, under saddle, Centreville, L. I., Sept. 7, 1839.
3 miles—7:44, Oneida Chief, under saddle, Beacon Course, N. J., Aug. 15, 1843.
3 miles—7:44, James K. Polk, in harness, Centreville Course, L. I., Sept. 13, 1847.
10 miles inside of 30 min., Mary Miller, Marysville, Cal., July 13, 1860,—*Boston Sunday Herald*.

Col. W. H. Johnson, of Tennessee, has been elected President of the Nashville Blood Horse Association. The right man in the right place.

The famous trainer and driver Jim Rockey, died on Sunday Jan. 10, at Indianapolis.

A converted jockey has been speaking of the receipts at a church festival door as gate money.

The two-year-old brown colt Woodpecker, by Orest. dam Woodnote, winner of the second Nursery Stakes at the Warwick November meeting, has been sold for £700 to go to Germany.

Messrs. Macey & Dedman, of Versailles, Kentucky sold on Jan. 6, their brown gelding Mark Antony, by Diamond, dam Fanny Fern, (the grand dam of Mambrino Gift), by St Lawrence, to Eastern parties, \$1,600 cash.

Mr. Marcey sold a saddle gelding to the same party for \$350.

W. J. Neely Esq. proprietor of Greenbush Farms, Ottawa Ill., informs us, that he sold on the 8th inst. to Mr. Thomas Oliver, of Elmira, Stark Co., Ill., his stallion colt James Luck, foaled 1873; got by Neely's Tornado, dam Lucy by Green's Bashaw. Recorded in Wallace's Amer. Trotting Register Vol. 2, page, 253.

At the next general meeting of the English Jockey Club the stewards will move as an addition to rule 84, "that in future no person who has been warned on Newmarket Heath for corrupt practices upon the turf, and no jockey who has been suspended from riding for a similar reason, shall be permitted to enter the stands, enclosures, saddling paddocks or weighing rooms at any meeting which is held under the rules of racing as established by the Jockey Club at Newmarket, so long as the sentence against him remains in force."

The *San Francisco Chronicle*, of December 19, has the following account of an attempted fraud nipped in the bud:—"A pleasant afternoon and a jolly crowd at the Golden Gate half-mile track yesterday. A half-mile dash between Halstead's Bullet Neck and Stackpole's Red Oak for a purse of \$1,000, had been advertised, and was the occasion of much heavy pool-selling, at the rate of \$100 for Bullet Neck to \$25 to Red Oak. Messrs. Joseph Merritt, H. Stimson and A. L. Hinds mounted the stand as judges and called up the horses. At this point Mr. Dan Dennison, one of the proprietors of the track, appeared on the stand and announced that, from facts that had come to his knowledge, he was satisfied that the results of the race had been prearranged; in other words, that it was a 'job.' He declined to have any such race to be run over his track, and declared the whole affair off. The judges objected to this proceeding, and insisted that the races should go on. Mr. Dennison, who had honesty, public sentiment and the rules of the turf to sustain him, and withal considerable backbone on private account, vaulted up the stairs boiling over with virtuous indignation, and invited the board to step down and out. The judges, being convinced from his manner that he was terribly in earnest, and not liking the nonchalant way in which he exhibited a vicious looking revolver, accepted the invitation, and in less time than it takes to write it Dennison seemed like one who stood alone in a banquet hall. He then announced that he had offered a purse for pacers, and that four horses had entered, but left it to the option of the spectators to see the race or have their money returned at the gate. The bystanders, who had from the first given evidence of their hearty approval of Dennison's action, decided, unanimously to see the pacers and the place soon resumed its wonted calmness. This new departure in the management of the track is a move in the right direction, and the man who has made it deserves the moral and material support of all true friends of the turf."

Fish and Fishing.

We quote the following remarks on fish culture from the message of Gov. John L. Beveridge, of Ill., to the twenty-ninth General Assembly:

"A number of our citizens are interested in fish culture, and in stocking our lakes and streams with the growth of other waters. This can be done at a very little expense, and furnish an abundance of cheap and healthful food.

The United States has established a Fish Commission to advance fish culture, and this commission will supply eggs and fry of valuable fish, taken from the waters of other states, to be deposited in our rivers and lakes. Some of the States have commissions to aid in this work.

I deem this matter of so much importance as to authorize some legislation for receiving, distributing and depositing our quota of eggs and fry from the United States Commission, and for the culture and protection of fish in our waters."

It pleases us to learn that the interests of the State Fish Cultural Association have been accorded considerable attention, and we are informed that their bill will receive legislative attention within twenty days. The quota of salmon from the U. S. Commissioners will soon be received.

TRANSPARENT FISHES.

The beauties of ocean life are perhaps as endless and astonishing as its grandeurs and terrors. What could be more fairy-like in real existence than the creatures here described by a correspondent in Wilmington Advertiser, who saw them in the aquarium at Naples? The glass-like animals which swim on the surface of the sea are daily renewed when the weather permits; and at present there are some really lovely things of this kind to be seen here which could nowhere else be exhibited, since the Naples Aquarium is the only one which can draw supplies from a warm sea. The Centum Veneris is one of the most striking of these transparent organisms, being a band of perfectly glass-like consistency, nearly a yard in length, undulating like a snake, and slowly moving through the water by means of two rows of large vibrating fringes, which glisten with all the colors of the rainbow. Some of these are brought in nearly every day by fishermen, and hundreds of the long chains of transparent calape, not to speak of beroes as big as lemons; glass shrimps, inhabiting the transparent little tubs known as doliolum, and sometimes a leptoccephalus (thin head), a true vertebrate fish, of which one at first sees only the black eyes, all the rest of its body being absolutely as clear and invisible as a piece of glass—a really ideal ghost of a fish.

Now that fish farming has become so extensively engaged in throughout the State, a description of the Michigan Fish Hatchery will prove of interest. Something over a year ago the springs commonly known as the "Camp Meeting Springs," seven miles east of Niles City, near Pokagon, Cass County, with the grounds necessary to erect the requisite buildings to operate a State fishery, were leased to the State, without charge, for the term of twenty-one years, by the Methodists, who owned the premises. Immediately after the lease was granted a substantial building, 20x60 feet, with all the appliances for hatching a million or more of fish at a time, was erected. The building is insured for \$1,000 for three years. The flow of the spring is stated to be about 300 gallons per minute, or 600 barrels per hour. This large flow of water forms an ever running stream, pouring forth from the foot of an embankment between thirty and forty feet high. If the reader will conceive an irregular shaped V, with its apex resting in the spring and with the aperture closed by a clear and beautiful stream, the Dowagiac River, he will be better prepared to follow the description.

The distance from the spring to the river is about twenty-five rods, and the opening of the angle twelve or fourteen rods across. The water is so arranged that two varieties of fish requiring different temperatures may be in process of hatching at the same time. In order to have depth and volume of water for the different processes a dam has been constructed across the ravine about thirty feet above the spring. This affords a "head" from which to operate. This dam is perforated by several ordinary pump logs of four-inch bore; some of these connected with a large reservoir immediately under that just mentioned. The water from the spring direct, and from the larger reservoir, is conducted through logs of the kind before named to

THE HATCHING HOUSE.

This building is separated into two divisions, a small room at the north end being used as an office. A large pipe running the whole length of the building, supplies the water for the hatching, to which pipes the troughs—sixteen in number, are connected. The flow of water into each trough is regulated by means of faucets, and thus the supply is all that is desired and no more. The troughs above mentioned are for the selves, each fourteen by eighteen inches in size, upon which the eggs are placed for hatching. Each sieve will hold about 1,500 of the California salmon eggs, but of the white fish ova the number may be quadrupled. Two months after the hatching the fish are ready for planting in the different waters of the

State. It is expected that these fish will attain a weight of from ten to fourteen pounds in three years. It is highly probable that the State fish hatchery at Pokagon may soon be enlarged and the capacities increased. It has all the advantages of an immense establishment. This hatchery is under the direct supervision of George H. Jerome, State Fish Commissioner, who devotes his whole time to his work, Charles Michael is the overseer of the fishery, and all who visit the institution are welcomed and well treated.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Game and Fur Market.

Quotations from the house of HOLMES & SEARS, of No. 121 So. Water St., who make Hides, Furs, Game and Poultry a specialty. They quote as follows: Prairie Chickens were in some demand by shippers, but they refused to pay above \$2 75, although in some cases \$2 85 was obtainable, when wrapped and put in shipping order. Quail were salable at \$1 75 @ \$2 00 per doz. Venison dull and in good supply; prices weak. Other descriptions met with a light local demand and sold at about former quotations.

Ruffed Grouse (Northern).....	\$2 75	2 85	per doz.
Ruffed Grouse (Kan. or Mo.).....	2 75	@ 2 85	" "
Pinnated Grouse.....	3 00		" "
Partridge.....	3 00	3 25	" "
Quail (Northern).....	1 75	@ 2 00	" "
Quail (Kan. or Mo.).....	1 75	@ 2 00	" "
Wild Turkeys (full feathered).....	12c	@ 14c	per lb.
Ducks (Canvas Back).....	4 50	@ 5 00	per doz.
Ducks (Mallard).....	2 75	@ 3 00	" "
Ducks (Red Head).....	2 50		" "
Ducks (Small).....	1 50		" "
Jack Snipe.....	1 25		" "
Marbled Hudsonian Godwit Snipe.....	2 50	@ 3 00	" "
Golden Wing Plover.....	75c	@ 1 00	" "
Pigeons (Flight).....	1 00	@ 1 25	" "
Pigeons (Dressed).....	1 25	@ 1 50	" "
Venison (carcass).....	05	@ 06c	per lb.
" (saddles).....	11	@ 12c	" "
Antelope (saddles).....	12	@ 13c	" "
Black Bear (whole).....	15	@ 18c	" "
Elk (hams).....	05	@ 06c	" "
Buffalo (hams).....	05	@ 06c	" "
Speckled Trout.....	50c		" "

FURS.

Receipts light, and demand very good, with an advance on skunks of 15 to 25 per cent. The whole list is very firm.

Mink.....	\$1 50	@ 2 00	each
Marten.....			
Otter.....	6 00	@ 8 00	" "
Fisher.....	6 00	@ 10 00	" "
Grey Fox.....	90c	@ 1 00	" "
Red ".....	1 25	@ 1 50	" "
Cross ".....	3 00	@ 2 50	" "
Silver ".....	10 00	@ 25 00	" "
Prairie Wolf.....	75c	@ 80c	" "
Timber ".....	2 00	@ 2 50	" "
Lynx.....	1 25	@ 1 50	" "
Beaver (dry).....	1 75	@ 2 00	per lb
Deer Skins (Black Tail, dry).....	82c	@ 85c	" "
do (Black Tail, green).....	18c	@ 20c	" "
do (Red, dry).....	25c	@ 30c	" "
do (Red, green).....	15c	@ 16c	" "
Indian tanned Buck Skin.....	1 75	@ 2 50	" "
Musk-rat (fall).....	20c	@ 21c	each
do (winter).....	22c	@ 24c	" "
Skunk (striped).....	50	@ 75c	" "
do (black).....	1 00	@ 1 25	" "
Badger.....	50c	@ 60c	" "
Opossum.....	18c	@ 22c	" "
Raccoon.....	60c	@ 75c	" "
Bear (black).....	8 00	@ 15 00	" "
Buffalo Robes.....	10 00	@ 11 00	" "
Hides (green salted dividing on 60 lb).....	08 1/2	@ 09 1/2	lb
do (dry flint).....		@ 19c	" "
do (salt).....		@ 18c	" "
Tallow No. 1.....		@ 08c	" "

POULTRY MARKET.

There was a fair supply on the market, and prices were steady at about former quotations. The demand was not urgent, shippers not taking hold as freely as during the early days of the week, but holders were not disposed to make any reductions on choice well dressed stock. Frozen Poultry was rather slow, and quotable at 1 @ 2c less than fresh and not frozen. Chickens and ducks wanted.

Turkeys (choice).....	11c	@ 12c	per lb
Chickens do.....	9c	@ 11c	" "
Ducks do.....	10c	@ 12c	" "
Geese do.....	8c	@ 10c	" "

The grand tournament announced some time since to open in Slosson's billiard hall, Madison street, near Peoria, on Feb. 1, bids fair to be a success. A number of prominent entries have been made, and will continue to be received up to the night of the 25th inst. Vigneaux has been corresponded with, and, according to latest advises, expects to take part in the tournament. The game played will be the French three-ball game, and will be 150 points up. Three prizes will be contested for, the lowest worth \$80, the second a handsome inlaid cue, valued at \$70, and the third, which will go to the champion, a jeweled medallion costing \$100.

With reference to the report that a four-handed match had been managed between A. P. Rudolphe and Maurice Vigneaux on the one side, and Maurice Daly and Albert Garnier on the other to play 600 up, three-ball caroms for \$1,000 a side, Vigneaux thus writes to the *Turf, Field and Farm*:

New York, Jan. 4. The statement current in the papers that a four-handed billiard match has been arranged between Mr. Rudolphe and myself on one side, and Messrs. Daly and Garnier on the other is without any foundation whatever, or authority on my part. No such match has been or will be made. I will not play in a match of two against two, but I am ready to play with Mr. Garnier or Mr. Daly separately, and for any sum, no matter how large, the game to be played on a table of W. H. Collender's manufacture, furnished with his combination cushion. I trust you will favor this communication with a place in the columns of your valuable paper, and oblige, Yours, very truly, M. VIGNEAUX.

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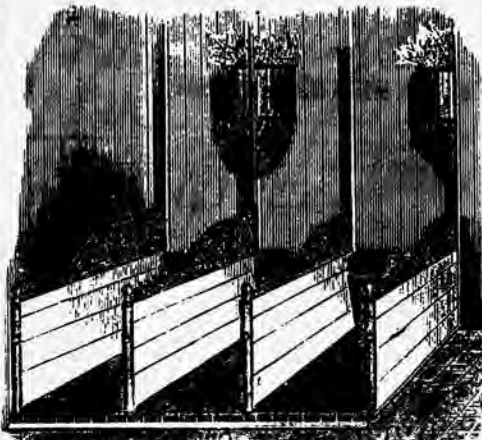
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